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Goethe. The name of his *propitious mother* she may boast of, but not of the reality. Alas! in these days the University of the universe is the only propitious mother of such; all other propitious mothers are but unpropitious, superannuated dry nurses, fallen bed-ridden, from whom the famished nursing has to *steal* even bread and water if he will not die." We read in Byron that he could not give his *Alma Mater* a dearer name than *injusta noverca*, and he proclaimed that—

"Her Helicon is duller than her Cane."

And we know of Milton, that he called Cambridge "a place quite incompatible with the votaries of Phœbus." Nothing is more natural than that, under restraints, we loathe like the bees, what at our pleasure would have nurtured us. Gray hated Virgil, till he came to read him not as a task. The same was the case with Collins. Byron never overpowered his dislike of Horace, for the like cause, and has left the remembrance of it in *Childe Harold*; and as for the penance of "longs and shorts," he almost wished it had created that antipathy to poetry through life, which it is likely to. Cambridge, we know, could not make Wordsworth other than an idler and a fop, and in "The Prelude" we read the confession—that he felt

"A strangeness in the mind,

A feeling that I was not for that hour,  
Nor for that place."

Jeffrey, the critic, speaks of his residence at Oxford, as "a few uncomfortable years." Gibbon says, "To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation, and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months there, the most unprofitable and idle of my whole life;" and it is with a feeling of sadness he goes on to contemplate what he might have done under a genial discipline. It could be made a long list—those who have spoken of their college days only with dissatisfaction—but we will add one or two to the names that we have already written—those of Bacon, whose disgust was profound; of Locke, of Milton, who hated the very face of the country about the University; and of Dryden, who took a secret pleasure in praising a rival institution, while he contemned them both.

To get at the bottom of all these hatreds, would be undoubtedly to find a variety of causes; but a diversity of manifestations does not make it any the less clear that, if with the natural benignity of a true mother, these seminaries had fostered the tender buds of promise that were committed to them, had shielded them where it was necessary, and supplied their instinctive wants, we should not have found a recusant offspring. We would not be considered as casting any imputation by a reversion of reasoning upon those who have abided in the good graces of their alma mater with reciprocity. Such is only a proof to us of the difference of temperaments, that so happily constitute humanity. But because some are saved distraction or destruction, we do not conceive we have a right to say,

there is a sufficiency of them. The happiness that is their lot should only make us more eager to extend the circle of its recipients. When we have seen how many of the finest geniuses that have been the delight and instructors of their race have suffered, and been nigh to despair, is it too much to think that there are some who have been so far distracted as to be unfit for recovery, and consequently lost to us? The thought that any of that faculty, which most makes us approach the godhead, has been invested in humanity to no avail, and that human institutions have been the cause of its uselessness—such a thought is enough to stir us to renewed endeavors to reach that perfection of discipline, which shall provide for the wants of all, and so dispose, that none shall fail to do the utmost of their earthly errand.

We have said as much as we would at present without any particular reference to the system of instruction that is followed at Rugby, which appears, however, still to possess many of those restraints and ill-adaptations to current wants, that have raised up at the present day a heavy preponderance of influence against such schools among reasonable men in England. A few more such men as Dr. Arnold appears to have been, to follow up the innovating spirit of reform, will one day see the completion of something like a proper relationship between the teacher and the taught. W.

#### MAURICE RETZSCH.

This distinguished German artist, who recently died at a village near Dresden, was born December 9th, 1779, at Dresden. He displayed from his earliest childhood a singular love for the romantic and picturesque. Every visitor of the beautiful country which lies around the lovely Florence of venerable Saxony would, towards the end of the last century, frequently encounter a gentle youth, roaming about in the adjacent woods with a gun upon his shoulder, shooting birds and hunting the deer. This youth had a dreamy look, which would sometimes kindle with emotion, when it fell upon the landscape, as the sun's golden rays enveloped the neighboring Hartz Mountains with a wall of fire, or otherwise bathed with ineffable beauty the plantations and vineyards which cover the gentle eminences of the valley of the Elbe.

This observant youth, with his air of melancholy reverie, was not a mere huntsman. Those sportive fancies which agitated his youthful mind ripened into a deeply settled love for the Fine Arts as he grew up, and in 1798 he might have been seen upon the benches of the academy in the Brühl Palace, enjoying the reputation of one of the most enthusiastic pupils which that noble seat of culture has seen since 1764, when its portals were first opened to students, who afterwards imparted a new glory to the artistic spheres of Germany. He chiefly devoted himself to historical painting, and his principal instructor was the celebrated Professor Grassi. When he had completed his

studies the state of things in Germany was not favorable to the Fine Arts. Public attention was absorbed by the Napoleonic wars, and even those who stood outside the pale of military and political excitement were too impoverished by the deleterious effect which this produced upon the springs of wealth of the country, to be able to afford assistance to promising artists, or to evince much sympathy for the interests of Art. Retzsch was obliged to relinquish his long cherished idea of visiting Italy; but his genius soon broke through the fetters of adverse circumstances, and De la Motte Fouqué's fantastic and fairy-like creations seemed to have had a powerful effect in kindling the Promethean fire in the young artist's breast. His first productions were *Genoevera*, and *Undine*; the poetical beauty of these outlines at once arrested public attention, which was still more fixed upon Retzsch when his picturesque "*Erl King*," made its appearance, transferring, as if by magic power, the beholder's mind to the dreary realms of the ghostly potentate. In 1824 he produced Fouqué's "*Sintram*." This was soon followed by his efforts in the spheres of mythology—as, *Bacchus* in the figure of a child sleeping upon a panther, *Diana*, *Cupid* and *Psyche*, and several representations of *Satyrs*. He then composed a series of pictures emblematic of Human Life and Destiny, which gave evidence of the originality of his conception and the depth of his sentiment. In 1834 they were published by Jameson in London. But his most glorious achievements are his outlines of *Faust*, which, as soon as they appeared, in 1812, were engraved in England and France; henceforth his reputation ceased to be local, and became universal. In 1816 he was elected member, and in 1824 Professor of the Academy. This was a glorious time for Art in Dresden. Richter, Dahl, Oehme, and Kummer presided over landscape-painting; Vogel over portraits; Hähnel and Rietschel over statuary; Krüger and Steinhilber over engraving; Schnorr, Hubner, Bendemann, Baehr, and the subject of this notice, over the historical school of painting. The Art treasures of Dresden exerted an inspiring influence upon Retzsch's ardent imagination. Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*, Correggio's *Notte*, Carlo Dolci's *St. Cecilia*, Titian's *Venus* and Christó della Moneta, and celebrated paintings by Paul Veronese, Annibal Caracci, Guido, and other illustrious Italian masters; magnificent specimens of Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, Teniers, Hans Holbein the younger, Ruysdael, Wouvermans, and of other famous artists of the Flemish and German School; several pieces by Claude, Nicolas Poussin, and other distinguished French painters, formed a brilliant galaxy of Art in the Dresden Gallery. And how could a man like Maurice Retzsch live in such an atmosphere, without feeling constantly spurred on and on to higher efforts? The publisher Cotta, of Stuttgart, gave him an opportunity of giving a new evidence of his genius, by engaging him upon Schiller's works:

His illustrations to Schiller's "*Fight with the Dragon*," "*Tridolfin*," and "*Pegasus*," now appeared; and these were followed by the outlines of the "*Song of the Bell*,"

which belong to his brightest gems. In 1827 he published his celebrated outlines to Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *Lear*, *The Tempest*, *Othello*, and *Merry Wives of Windsor*. He also illustrated some of Bürger's thrilling Ballads; and in 1846 published various outlines of his own conception, under the name of "*Phantasien*," including the *Struggle of Light and Darkness*, the *Goblet*, the *Game of Life*, and several other plates; of which the last named proved the most popular. He excelled also as a portrait-painter, especially of miniature portraits; but his claim to the admiration of posterity rests upon his admirable outlines, in which vigor of thought is singularly blended with tenderness of sentiment, while the leading idea of the poet, whose creations he strove to illustrate, presides over the whole with wonderful lucidity.

This country possesses one or two works by the hand of Retzsch. There is a copy of the famous *Madonna di San Sisto* by him, in the city of Boston; in the possession of C. C. Perkins, Esq.; and, if we are not mistaken, the same gentleman owns an original drawing of *The Game of Life*.

**SLEEP.**—Like most other things, sleep has its unpoetical aspects. Indeed, few sleepers, caught in the act, are poetical objects. Most sleepers are quite the reverse. An Imogen, such as Shakspeare has painted her, dreaming of Posthumus and better days to come, is not an every-day vision. A Christabel, laid down in her loveliness, is not a type of common-place humanity asleep. Of course Imogen did not snore, nor utter inarticulate gurgling sounds at periodical intervals. Of course Christabel did not lie with her mouth wide open, and an expression of hopeless vacuity on "her face, oh, call it fair, not pale;" or twist her shape into quite nondescript postures not to be told in rhyme or explained by reason. But this is what your ordinary sleepers do. They snore to the top of their bent, and that, in some temperaments, is *allissimo*. They utter broken murmurs, most absurdly compounded of hissing, moaning, and nasal constituents. They lie gaping to an extent utterly incompatible with the sublime and beautiful. They are to be seen, too, curled, or coiled, or collapsed, into positions really worthy of study, as showing the eccentricities of *poses plastiques* possible to the human form, not less diversified than illogical. Leigh Hunt has remarked that though a man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases—though he may walk proudly, sit proudly, eat his dinner proudly—though he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority, and, in a word, may show himself grand on the most trifling occasion—is reduced to ridiculous shifts when once floored by the great leveller, Sleep. "Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ludicrous postures; so that if you could draw the grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb twisting fool in a pantomime could create wilder laughter. The toy with a string between his legs is hardly a posture master more extravagant. Imagine a despot, lifting up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up, and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together; what a scare-crow to lodge majestic power in!" Few sleepers, in effect, show to advantage after they are come to years of discretion; it is only infancy and early childhood that will bear examination, as artistic studies of grace, when the senses are steeped in forgetfulness.—*Christian Register*.